

the Registrar



WINTER 2004



Tracy Fidelman, II

the Register

Winter

2004

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The

Register

2004

Winter

The Register

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to lose it. And don't pander to my every whim.

And don't put me in control, for well you know how I enjoy it. Don't tell

me I'll live it. Don't

ask me for a promise

that I won't do

it. And don't tell me

what you want for us,

because you know that I

will not keep it. And don't

ask me to change my mind.

And don't tell me

that I should move on...

Make the decision to

regret it? Don't offer

everything that you

love, you know that I'll

forfeit it. Don't make

me we were meant to be,

you know I don't

deceive it. And don't lay

emotion at my door,

you know I will not keep.

Don't ask if I will

your tears, you know I'll

let you keep them.

About romance for I don't

want it and don't

steal it. Don't give me

all your trust for you

hate it. And don't ply

me with your sentimentality

that I won't stay. Don't

shower me with when you know I'll go

away. Don't say that you

soul for me, I'd let the

devil buy it. And don't

me were meant to be, you

know I don't I'll deceive

it. And don't lay give me

power over me. I'm in my

mind. Don't tell me I

let me know what you

know how I will not

keep. Don't harbor

thoughts that some day I

will not adopt to

selfish and unkind

just because I'll not

adopt to



Moc Lan Trinh, I

be very

you don't put me in control, for well you know how I will not keep. Don't harbor thoughts that some day I will not adopt to selfish and unkind just because I'll not adopt to

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I remember Sam. Sam was the kind of kid who'd never get in trouble, no matter what he did. He could charm the heck out of anyone just by flashing his cheeky grin. We were eight years old when we met at the nurse's office in school. He had been playing "slurp the spaghetti up your nose" with his straw and I guess the spaghetti decided to take up residence in Sam's nose, God knows why. Anyway, I was there because another girl pushed me down and I scraped my face against the bits of broken tar on the ground. I still say that she started it.

"Bloody face."

"Yeah."

"You know, you look a little like Freddy Krueger."

"Yeah." (I didn't know who Freddy was but I figured I'd keep my answers short, especially since I was talking to a boy with a spaghetti string up his nose.)

"Wanna see my nose?" (He pushes up the tip of his nose with his finger and shows me the not-so-tasty-anymore spaghetti string.)

"Doesn't that hurt?"

"Nope, this is my fourth time here."

"With spaghetti in your nose?"

"Yeah, I can take it out, no problem." (Sam takes out the spaghetti, waves it at me, and then quickly shoves it back into his nose.)

"Then why are you here?"

"Duh, because nurse gives me a lollipop every time I come in."

"Oh."

"You should try looking like Freddy more; she might give you two lollipops."

"Okay."

"Then you can give me one."

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When we were ten, Sam decided to teach me how to ride a bike. He came over with his old two-wheeler, complete with a set of training wheels. Sam told me to get on the bike and start pedaling, the training wheels would keep me from falling over. So I pedaled. And pedaled. And pedaled. Until I realized that I wasn't going anywhere. Sam thought it would be hilarious to attach the training wheels so that the back wheel of the bike was off the ground. Of course, he failed to mention this to me and let me think that I wasn't pedaling hard enough. When he lowered the training wheels, I went off like a bullet and rode right into my mother's tomato garden. Sam thought that was funny, too. We had tomato soup for dinner that night.

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One day, Sam came over to my house. And he told me that he was moving the next week, out of the country. His family was going to Australia to live with his grandpa. I cried because he was supposed to stay in Boston forever, just like me. My family was planning to move too but at least we were staying in the same city. So Sam and I devised a plan to stay together. When our parents left, we'd sneak back into the house and live there. We could take food from George, our neighbor, he was really good at keeping secrets and he always gave us candy when we stopped by. We wouldn't even have to go to school anymore. I think Sam and I both knew that this plan wasn't going to work but pretending it would made things easier. We spent the entire week together, riding bikes, watching TV, playing video games, anything to forget that we weren't going to be walking to school together every morning or eating out of each other's refrigerators.

It never really hit me that Sam was going away until the last day, when we were at the airport. I cried and wailed and screamed at him, mad that he was going and that I couldn't stop it. Sam told me that we'd keep in touch and I made him swear it, over his dead dog's grave. He took out a piece of paper and we both wrote down new addresses and phone numbers. I wrote mine with a heavy hand so that the words would be so precise and dark that he'd have to be blind not to be able to read them. I tore it in half and gave him a piece. We hugged one last time and waved each other goodbye. Tears blind me by the time he left me standing at the platform. I watched as the plane turned, glided down the runway, and took off into the sky. The glaring sun shattered my vision in to a thousand shards but I kept my eyes open, still watching as the plane flew away from me, until it was nothing more than a black speck in an endless blue sky. I fumbled with the piece of paper in my hand and unfolded it. Gaping, I stared at my own address and phone number. My head shot up desperately as I looked for that black speck in the sky, nowhere to be seen. Numb with shock, I made my way to the waiting chairs. I sat there for an hour or so, until I had the energy to move again. On my way out of the airport, I stopped in front of a garbage can. Holding my hand over it, I opened my fist and watched the crumpled paper slip into the black hole.

Walking back home, I listened to the songs that drifted through the night air. Sweet melodies, meant to be heard by everyone. It's a song that you can recall so well because it touches your heart. And although you may only hear it once, it's so special that it stays with you forever, even if you can never hear it again.

- Daniela Huynh, II

Steps for Success

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Take one teaspoon of bad luck,
Three relationships (make sure they're sour)
And twelve greedy eyes
Throw into a clear container
(so you can see exactly what goes on)
and mix for about two years
sprinkle two tablespoons of rage (or anger substitute)
and pour half a cup of pain or pleasure,
whichever one tastes worse
finely chop spoken words, as many as desired
(sharp knives work the best)
and stir until you are weak and weary
when the concoction looks
good enough to flush down the toilet
add one broken heart
and swallow

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- Nikki Wells, III



ANTICIPATION

Stanford said, "No Way!"

So I said, "Fine, be like that!"

'R.C.C. for me!"

- Anonymous

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dusk:seventeen

The way everything glows a fiery orange as fading traces of the sunset relinquish...

Flames of the mist, leaping upwards to catch the sky with their flickering lips

Foreign tongues, burning and corrosive in their touch, scorch the heavy mask of the heavens

Sudden sparks and unspeakable imagery, earth arching up to meet the sky in ritual

Flames that dance to the starlit heavens, their flaring fingertips shimmering in solar worship

A choir of movement, singing a wordless song from the first joining of the two great beings

Whispering voices and dying lips that fade just as they kiss the crests of the stars...

Descending night, the aftermath of a blazing dance, charred black and smelling of a crisp smoky haze;

Quiet and dark, it is welcomed.



- Tammy Xiao, III

Lily Jalbert, II



Smack!

I eyed him as I stood there, frozen. Which one of us was the victim? I couldn't decide. I was scared stiff but he was so small, so vulnerable. But that wasn't my problem. I had bigger problems, like hyperventilation, or my heart exploding all over the kitchen. I knew what I had to do, and in a way I think he

probably knew what was coming. I'm sure he had heard tales from his friends and family. He probably never believed it could really happen to him. I slowly picked up my book off the counter, never once taking my eyes off of him for fear that he might escape and ambush me later. I gathered up all my courage, my breath, and went for it.

SMACK!

I dropped the book and ran for the front door, unable to feel secure until I was safely onto the sidewalk...across the street and down a block.

I had killed a spider- mom would be so proud!

- Lauren Belmonte, II

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blue crystals of the caves
 fighting off the vile waves
 the crimson of our tainted blood
 raging in a silent flood
 sparkling turquoise of dying rays
 luminescent darkness decays
 all because of your tears
 all because of my fears
 the world's eternal beauty fades
 i've been stuck here for decades
 never moving from your glance
 never breaking free from our dance
 i'll love you 'til the end of love
 how can i see what you're thinking of?
 how can i see your heart's desire?
 passions between us flare as fire
 oceans crash and storms berate
 but nothing will free us from our fate
 a dying star gives birth to a new one
 can't you see our lives have just begun?
 frozen inside a single jewel
 staring into a tearful pool
 where dreams are haunting and lovers cry
 where echoes scream and low worms fly
 i take your hand and enter in
 the chaotic worlds residing within
 as long as we're alone together
 i'll survive with you forever
 angels fall and demons rise
 flames pursue the empty skies
 wait until the end of war
 how can i see what you're looking for?
 inside the darkness, iridescent
 inside the shadows, incandescent
 i seek your heart, it burns my hand
 i let it shatter where it lands
 possessing your soul makes me shiver
 i take your hand, i let you guide
 now that i trust you, you say you lied
 you led us both to an endless fall
 but while i'm with you, i'll live through all
 you grasp my hand, you gasp in pain

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i think your touch made me insane
and now i laugh and now i weep
hushing me to an immortal's sleep
the sunset may awaken me
but where is it you have taken me?
into this zeal you called love
how could i have seen what you were thinking of?
i fell for it, i'll pay the tax
then finally, we can relax
collapsing into each other's heart
never again shall we part
i thought i knew what love was before
until you opened the bright red door
life spilled out, so did your soul
i fell for it, i'll pay the toll
with blue crystals of the caves
we both fight off the vile waves
no longer of our tainted blood
no longer raging in a flood
rising demons up above
shall snarl forever of our love
fallen angels down below
will shriek in chorus of our foe
the hatred which lies within great pain
shrouded by a blinding rain
we'll never stray beyond our borders
those are love's exacting orders
and though oceans crash and storms berate
we'll never drift into that hate
inside our radiance, iridescent
inside our brightness, incandescent
i smile at you, you back at me
and it is now that i can see
wee deep inside your heart's desire
is winking a placid, healthy fire
and now i know what we're made of
inside this zeal we call love...

~ Maya Stroschane, IV



purpositional Phrases

I like to write poems
 between sunset and sunrise, not to mention vice-versa
in the security of my bedroom
 from the space halfway between my heart and my head
 about the shadow of a willow, weeping
for every nameless innocent in the T station
across the age gap
 when I lose sight of comprehension
out of vanity, not pursuit of the truth
 to the raindrops against my window
 under the pretense of being a real poet.

-Yucong Ma, III

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BUS RIDE o f L I F E

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teacher has a basket
full of story titles
I get
"Bus Ride of Life"
thinking: "Bus Ride of Life? Like what's that supposed to
mean?"

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going home on the bus
looking out the window
seeing the reflections
seeing people
stopping
people getting off
getting on
new people
new faces

hit a pothole
thump thump
stuck in traffic during rush hour
everyone is trying to get home
beep beep
honk honk
"Hey move it!"

my stop I get off
I walk
looking up there is a blue sky
birds going south for
the winter
more reflections
then it hits me
no, not a rock

new people are always
coming and going
constantly moving to
get to their stop
potholes and traffic are
the delays of life that
cause you trouble and grief
but as soon as there is a green light
it's go time
and all is good
you have to keep moving
to get to your stop

life isn't like a bus ride
a bus ride is like your life
so go and don't stop
for anything
and you'll get there
wherever you are headed

-Monica Wong, IV

Jesse Rascussen, II



REPORT: BILLIONAIRE FIRES 86.5 MILLION EMPLOYEES, QUESTIONS COMPETENCY

10/17/03 11:01 AM

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NEW YORK CITY - George Steinbrenner, the billionaire owner of the New York Yankees baseball team, drew attention today for putting millions of his employees out of work. All those fired worked as fans. "Mr. Steinbrenner paid good money for these people," explained a spokesperson. "He thought he was getting the best fans out there. But recent events have changed his mind, and after several threats, he has decided to let all of them go. The New York Yankee organization will only employ the best, and these fans are not top of the line. They are not performing."

The spokesperson cited Steinbrenner's concerns over the loyalty, dedication, and emotional fortitude of his approximately 86.5 million employees around the globe. "The Boss observed an upsetting and unacceptable trend over the last two weeks," she explained. Several trends have developed

highest concentration of fans employed by the Yankees. He said this morning, "I was shocked to receive the pink slip. I know my mother ratted me for being a Sox fan, but all these New Yorkers bought my story. Why didn't George?" when asked if he was upset that so many in his city would be forced to find a new source of income, he replied, "While unemployment is a serious matter, I think these former Yankees fans will quickly and easily find a new bandwagon that

needs passenger. The Marlins, for example, or the Vikings or Chiefs. It may be hard to get as high a salary as George offered, but this city is strong, and we will band together and persevere in the face of adversity." Bloomberg added that he would be able to feed his family in the meantime with eight dinners from Legal Seafood, courtesy of

"These employees have been going out with friends, using Visas, congo-ing, clubbing. Unacceptable!"

during the baseball's 2003 post season. Steinbrenner and his brass have realized that many fans were not doing their jobs all season, and only began heavy Yankee rooting in October, or, for some, in the past two days. The job description of these employees requires year-round "heavy Yankee rooting," defined by cheering rambunctiously, taunting opposing players, making physical attacks on Boston Red Sox fans and employees, wearing Yankee clothing, and displaying the condescending, over-confident Yankee spirit.

Of the fans who followed the Yankees throughout the season, the spokesperson pointed out, a significant portion has switched allegiances to Football, Basketball, or Joe Millionaire. The worst offense was the large number of fans who stopped watching Thursday night's crucial seventh game against the rival Boston Red Sox when the Yankees were down by scores of 4-0 and 5-2. "These employees have been going out with friends, using Visas, congo-ing, clubbing. Unacceptable!" snapped Steinbrenner in his only contact with the press.

New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg, recently hired by Steinbrenner, governs the city that is home to the

generous Boston Mayor Thomas Menino.

Rudolf Giuliani, another ex-Yankees employee who had worked for the organization for his entire life, expressed gratitude toward Mr. Steinbrenner. "The Yankees job was the easiest I've ever done, even easier than the times I had to say 'I love New York,'" he explained. "All I had to do was wear some clothes, praise the team, shake some hands, sit in a seat in the beautiful outdoors for a few hours every once in a while, and cheer for a team that always wins. I guess I'd just like to thank Mr. Steinbrenner for the opportunity to do such an easy job."

Chuck LeHoy, quenching his thirst in a bar near Yankee Stadium, represents the common ex-employee. What will he take away from his experience with the organization? "1918," he said repeatedly, drooling a bit.

- Trude Raizen, II

the reason of forbidden

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The apple of Eden tastes so sweet,
Its ambrosial juice dribbling down your cheek.
Take one bite, then another,
and another,
Until the sweet cheek of red leaves a core behind.
What shall you do, now that the beauty is gone?
Should you toss it away,
should you keep it safe?
Make a decision quick -
The withered little core is dying in your hands.
Or just,
plant it underneath a garden patch,
And wait for it to bloom,
The next time you crave the taste
of a forbidden fruit.

- Yi Liu III



Elizabeth Tricco, 1

W hisperwinds

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A silver moon shines tonight – it casts a pale glow upon a barren world of snow and ice, a colorless world. There is only bare rock and perpetual whiteness. Mountains, rolling flatlands, beaches and bays – all blend together in one shapeless mass. There is only a silence broken by the mournful, keening cry of the wind. It alone remembers, remembers the paradise this wasteland once was. During these, the darkest hours of the night, it begins to whisper its tale to any who care to hear – the frost-covered rocks, perhaps, and other things that have survived the many years of darkness.

A thousand years ago, this was a thriving world, green and growing in the light of a golden star. Forests covered the surface, with the shelters of mankind built above. There were rivers. Lakes. Oceans. There were animals, great and small, wandering the wilderness, birds singing in the trees. And from above, this world was a mass of blue and green. Now the blue is gone. It's been gone for a long time.

Were any of the old gods still here, they would weep for this world and its people. But no god cares for this world now. A thousand years ago, mankind began to forget the gods as it turned inwards. The humans warred among themselves, intent upon inventing more and more ways to kill each other and decide supremacy once and for all. Mankind turned away from the gods, and the gods turned away from mankind. For once, they decided to let the mortals handle things on their own.

A thousand years ago, this peaceful world of blue and green began to slowly, slowly turn into one of sharp corners and shining metal. Then came the weapons. Bloodshed. Explosions. And screams. Who could forget the screams, or the crimson droplets falling, falling to a blanket of white, irrevocably staining? For the mortals chose unwisely, as they are prone to – they started yet another war. Their numbers dwindled, all mere shadows of the great race they once were. The golden star shines no more. There is only the ghostly luminescence of a strange moon, only the dim red light of an alien sun.

Mankind is gone, gone like the blue of the oceans. The blue has long since turned to white, in the eternal, dreamlike winter that has settled over this dying world. This time there is no hero to emerge out of the barren wastelands. This time there is no divine intervention from above.

This world is not one worth living for, and as such there is no one here to care. There is no one here to mourn it. There are no voices save for that of the wind, the one lonely remnant of a land that is no longer alive...whispering, whispering in the silence.

- Christine Roth, V



Dear God,

I think I like writing to you. It gives me an outlet from everything. Stress... She makes me feel so awful sometimes God, you know my mom. She has this unearthly power to change the whole mood of my day with just one phone call, one word... One whatever. But whatever, I don't need her now, just you. It's me and you against the world. Or is it the world just against me?

It's times like these that I wish I could fly. Fall off a building and not die because I could fly. I don't think I'd want wings though, they'd get in the way, just to be able to fly...If I fell God, would you catch me? Cradling me to safety? Safety: Will you protect me God? From all that is bad? Whether it be physical, mental, or spiritual? Spirit: mine is worn. Worn from everything.

That's why I need to fly, so my spirit can spread out more. Feel renewed. Feel freedom. That's it. Freedom. A sweet taste I will never know. Knowing I will never have something I want is a taunting feeling. Taunting at my soul. Soul. How is my soul? Ok, but it's pale today, pale and worn. Like me...

-Faithfully Yours

Nghi Tran, N

- Amen

The

ODYSSEY,

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And then clear-eyed Penelope turned to her husband, brought back to her after twenty years of separation, and innocently inquired, "O my husband, I would know how many women's temptations you have avoided on your long journey home. O wise and patient husband, I would know the extent of your fidelity."

And then Lord Odysseus turned pale as milk, and stammered some excuse, which in her joy Penelope might have excused—had their conversation not been interrupted by the arrival of two beautiful goddesses.

"Odysseus!" cried beautiful Calypso. "My bed is so empty without you! Return with me to the Isle of Ogygia, where we may know the pleasures of the flesh once more!"

"I think not, Calypso," retorted fiery Circe. "I had him first; I hold the prior claim. Come back to Aeaea, Odysseus. I shall make you a very happy man."

Now did brave Odysseus look upon the face of his wife, and he, who had faced Scylla and Charybdis, the one-eyed giant and the songs of the Sirens, did quail before her wrath. "Twenty years," she stated, from between gritted teeth. "Twenty years did I await your return. And in those years, I was faithful to you. Never once did I stray. And, outrageous as this may seem, I expected you to be faithful in return, NOT FALL INTO THE BED OF THE FIRST GODDESS WHO CROOKED HER FINGER!"

"O wife . . . loyal, beautiful wife, the only woman to have ever held my heart . . ." began Odysseus, backpedaling rapidly.

"But not the only woman to have held certain other organs, obviously," she shouted. "Perhaps the only way to prevent them from straying would be to REMOVE them!"

"Help!" wailed courageous Odysseus. "Calypso! Circe! Save me!"

"I shall protect you, my Odysseus!" exclaimed lovely Calypso, rushing forward, only to be tripped by cunning Circe.

"Oh no you don't," snapped the witch. "He's mine." She grabbed Odysseus' wrist. Calypso seized the other wrist and yanked.

"Give him up, witch!" cried Calypso. "He's returning with me to Ogygia!"

"You're mistaken," growled Circe. "He's coming with me to Aeaea."



Elizabeth Tricco, I

"Give him up, witch!" cried Calypso. "He's returning with me to Ogygia!"

"You're mistaken," growled Circe. "He's coming with me to Aeaea."

Then did gray-eyed Athena, spear in her hand and Aegis on her breast, appear in the hall. "Athena!" shrieked Odysseus. "Help!"

The goddess strolled up to the struggling divinities and peered curiously at their contested prize. "Stay out of this, Athena," panted Circe.

"Enjoy yourselves," murmured serene Athena. "I thought to save him, but I have found a fairer prize." Ignoring Odysseus' terrified squeaks, she turned to Penelope. "Well, I suspect you will be without a husband soon."

"Somehow I can't find it in myself to be bothered," drawled Penelope.

"Yes, he was a louse," agreed the goddess. "Come, do not waste your beauty on him."

"You're right," resolved steadfast Penelope.

"As your bonds of marriage are soon to be dissolved, and your husband has slain all your suitors, might I suggest an alternative?"

"I'm listening," said still-lovely Penelope.

"I have sworn to love no man," winked gray-eyed Athena, "not that I would want one. But my oath said nothing of loving women . . ." She leered suggestively. "Come, and I shall show you how goddesses love upon Mount Olympus.:

Clear-eyed Penelope lifted an eyebrow, and considered for a moment. "Very well," she told the goddess. "I am at your disposal."

"Then come, my lovely one. Perhaps Artemis will also take an interest in you."

And the goddess and the woman left the great hall of Ithaca, both relishing the panicked screams that echoed from behind them as Odysseus' jealous lovers had their way.

- Veronica Koven-Matasy, III

Nighttime belongs on the other side of the looking glass
 The air itself is different
 a vacuum that draws forth possibilities
 words from a writer
 something cold and bitter from those who hide
 under the indifferent sun
 but the shadows—
 they have a life of their own in this twisted place
 devouring illusions and spawning new ones
 'til imagination draws a host of evil all around
 and the adventurer flees
 to the 'real' world, only to see them follow—
 silence
 the dreamer lies at the crosspoint, in but not through the mirror
 and in the twilight listens to the inner voice
 releasing everything from that 'real' world
 blending it with the possibilities of the other
 and sometimes Erebus's mares
 heads high, eyes gleaming with the darkest whispers of the wind
 come screaming down the fields of asphodel
 bearing on their ebony backs the worst horrors of the mind
 silence fractured—like the mirror, the one that broke—
 and the bottled evil oozes out, drawn to the dark in every soul
 this is where screams are born
 sometimes a dreamer slips past unknowing
 but drinks of forgetfulness before returning
 some never return at all
 some wake with only tears
 and a yearning
 Once in a while, some pass through with eyes wide open
 at night when certainty wavers
 and looks back through that transparent wall
 that eye-glass for those who never realized they were blind
 accept, and return with dearly bought wisdom
 deny, and let the darkness take you
 it is always waiting, always willing
 to make you fodder for Erebus's mares.

-Jane Newbold, IV



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The BOOK

that is *My Friend*

In the third grade he delivered a convincing rendition of a munchkin (not much of a stretch at the time). The next year, it was a wholesome child of the 1950s, followed by an aging rabbi, a young Nazi, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt (still the best version I've ever seen). As proficient as he was at adopting the personalities of others in the realm of children's theater, he wasn't and still isn't able to suppress his character outside of it.

I always thought he was cool; although we'd never gotten to know each other well, he seemed to be exactly all that I wished I could be. At a time when my painful self-consciousness made entering a room excruciating, his genuine nonchalance about others' opinions was infinitely appealing. Unfortunately, his indifference also extended to my feeble attempts at striking up a friendship. Maybe his lack of caring got to the other girls, too. I spent a memorable hour watching a blonde-haired, blue eyed, and *very* aggressive girl attempt to draw him in with her poorly developed "feminine wiles". The result was a never-before-seen and unusually urgent game of musical chairs that consisted of him frantically leaping from his seat into a more secluded one as soon as she repeatedly found ways to plant herself at his side.

My opinion of him remained unchanged as years of casual acquaintance passed and we ended up at the same school in seventh grade. Gradually, our groups of friends began to merge and in tenth grade, thanks to the bond created by sharing a fifth period history class, our friendship was cemented at last. I was suddenly privy to his impassioned and elaborate theories on all things from P.D.A.s to existentialism, which sometimes confused, sometimes impressed me, but which I never considered refuting.

"No, but...Caitlin! Seriously! Dontcha think?"

"Umm...yeah? I agree, yeah. Good thought. Totally."

Half the time I wouldn't even be sure what he was trying to say, but I admired him anyway.

He received raised eyebrows as well as full-out mockery for his most recent Halloween costume, which involved pea green knee socks and baggy velveteen shorts. His inspiration: The "Field" in Kingfield, Maine, his afternoon's destination. Rumors abound as to why he didn't just choose the "King."

On more than one occasion I've overheard his name mentioned by some schoolmate, followed by a response from another somewhere along the lines of "Oh, the Communist." Upon hearing of these instances, he appears more gleeful than anything else as his face darkens to its trademark shade of crimson while he gasps for air between giggles.

He is not even close to the perpetually carefree kid I met at age nine; maybe that's never who he was in the first place. The book that is one of my best friends truly can't be judged by its cover; on a recent weekend I received a phone call prior to a planned gathering at his house making sure to secure my approval before inviting someone with whom he thought I was on tentative footing. He is sometimes so unsure of himself and his role in relationships that he stresses over 'issues' a *General Hospital* screenwriter wouldn't be able to fabricate. Yet it is he who just can't comprehend the blood, sweat and tears his friends pour into schoolwork and is convinced that the important things in life lie on a beach in California or in a novel chord progression on a baldly tuned guitar. At the college fair, which he attended under duress, he disposed of the 'make a good impression' creed many of us were trying to follow to the letter and resorted instead to asking how the representatives had come to be admissions officers and whether they really like it that much, informing them that he had heard their school "wasn't that good," and walking away without a word after hearing about a college's lack of a music program, with several of his friends making a series of apologies behind him. For someone who doesn't care, he seemed thoroughly shaken up by the whole idea of college. You really can't judge a book by its cover.

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-Caitlin Allen, II



Tracy Fidelman, II

2004

Winter



Ulrike Kraeft, II

a portable Pair

have the decency
if we are crawling by
now ankle-deep in water
you decide to float
because she seems light cargo
if floating makes me sink
you won't know it, back
on your elbows
to say hello.

- Leah Skahen, 11

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You Know

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You

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You know you want me. Think about it. You're an only child; no one's around to talk to but your parents. But you can talk to me. You're smart, good-looking, definitely well-groomed...but single. But then again, so am I. Go figure. You know you want me, though. I've seen that look on your face when you glance my way. It's in your eyes, and your smile, when you share your lunch with me. It's in your voice, your manners, when you share your secrets with me. Don't worry; I never tell. I never told you my secret, though. I want you.

You can't tell me that you don't like the idea of cuddling up with me on a cold winter night, maybe in front of the fireplace, maybe on the couch as a movie flickers across the TV. You can't deny that you've wanted the warmth my body would bring you, the comfort and the love you know I have to give. I can see it in you. You know you want me.

Why haven't you made your move? You can't tell me that I'm not your type, because I know I am. Admit it. Is it because your parents don't approve of me, of my lifestyle? Do they just not like me? They avoid me whenever I come around your house. Your mother, she looks on with disgust when you share your milk with me at snack time. And she frowns in annoyance when you come home late after playing with me all afternoon. And your dad, he acts as though he's allergic to me. I try to be nice and say hi but he just sneezes and tries to shoo me away.

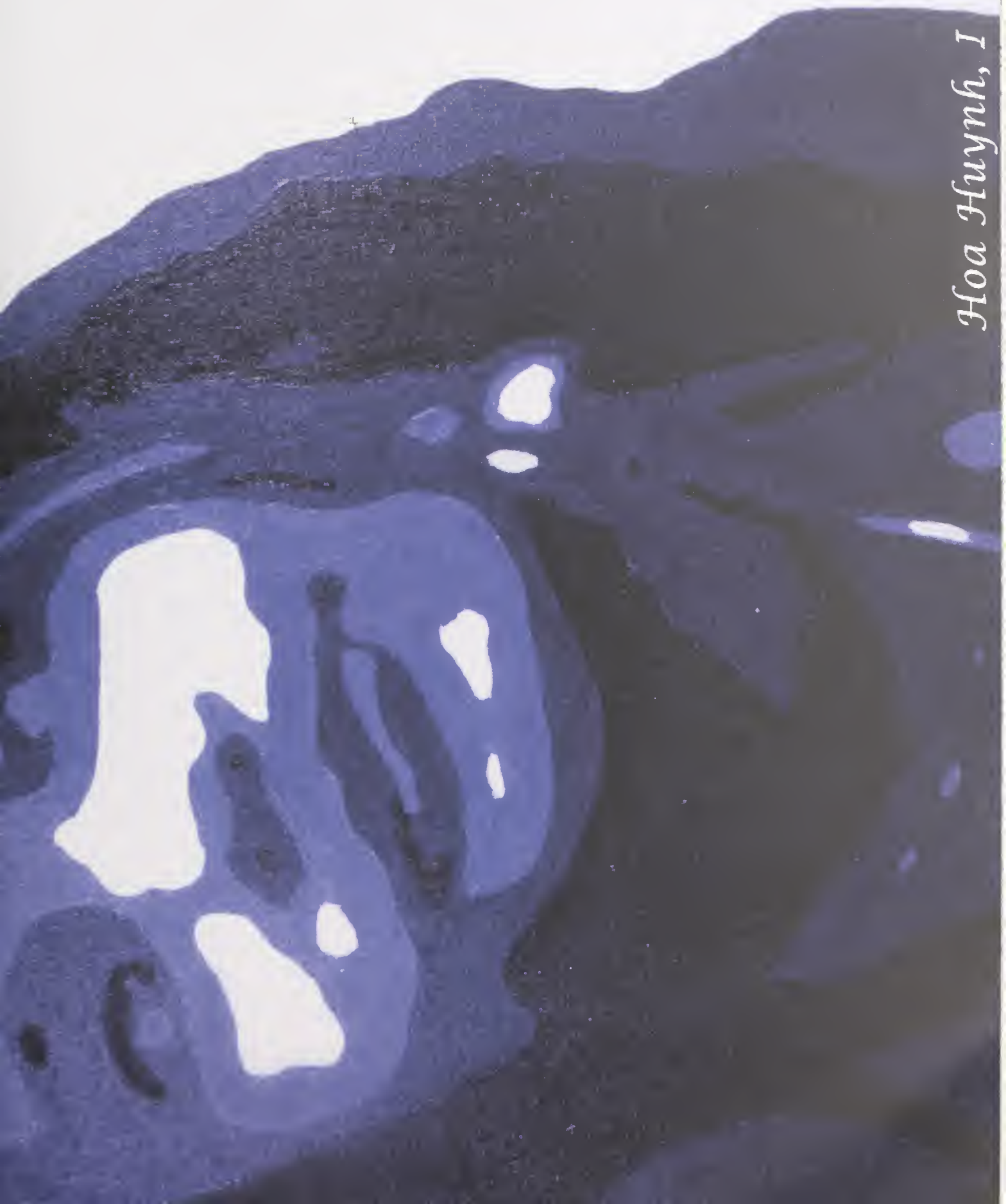
I know your friends like me; you're always talking about how pretty I am, how sweet, and how lonely I look. But I'm never lonely with you, and I think you know that. I can hear it in your tone of voice. You know you want me.

"Goodnight", you said, tenderly. "I'll see you tomorrow." And you leave me with a loving stroke of your fingers upon my cheek. I purr with pleasure. You smile. Oh yeah, you want me.

You go inside and I watch as the lights in your house flicker out one by one. As I curl up underneath the vent of your mom's dryer, the cold in my body is temporarily warmed by the last load of laundry for the night. The chill in my heart remains. "You know you want me", I think to myself as I drift off to sleep, "but I guess there's just not enough room in there for a stray cat like me."

- Carolyn Bird, II

Hoa Huynh, I



My Name Is Ann

My name is Ann. Do you care? Most people don't. I've noticed this. I've been in this city for years now, and I've come to realize that there are very few New Yorkers who are able to prevail over their own self-absorbency to take a glance at a person outside of their own universes. Men and women – “important” men and women- hurry past my perch when they pass by me, because they are important and they have real jobs with real pay checks and they have domestic bills to pay and children to feed and Armani suits to buy. What they do is hard work, and what I do is not work, so it is simply my own fault for having floundered in life, for not having the same opportunities as they or having the same affluent relatives as they to pay for my education. I wonder if it has ever struck any one of them that living on the street is work. Do you think that when I was a little girl, I thought to myself, ‘When I group up, I’m going to be a bum!’? No. I grew up with the same ambitions and the same hopes and dreams as any other man or woman in the city of New York. But no one can change life, not me or anyone else. Life handed me a raw deal and handed you a Mercedes Benz. That’s just Life’s perky sense of humor for you.

There was this one time that I remember when this reporter from the Times approached me and asked for my name. I remember that day so clearly – I was sitting in the Port Authority Bus Terminal, wearing a tweed sweater that I wrapped tightly around my body to protect myself from the wretched cold of that January day. The reporter was dressed sophisticatedly, but I perceived no expression of disgust on her face when she saw me sitting on the bench trembling from the cold; her warm smile and bright eyes were inviting, and I was intrigued by her inquisition of me. ‘She wants to know my name? Why does she want to know my name?’ I’ve never been much of anybody in my lifetime. I mean, I’m not one of those shiny, vibrant people who attracts the attention of on-lookers as if with some kind of magnetic force. I’ve never really been under the limelight, so when she told me she was from the Times, I did not know what to expect.

“I’m doing a story on homeless people and I was wondering if I could ask you a few questions?”

Whoa. Reality Check. Whoever said I was homeless, I thought to myself. Of course at that point in time, I had not surpassed my stage of denial; I was still dwelling on what my life used to be. I held on tightly to remembrances of a home with a chain-link fence and a one-car garage. With a nervous chuckle I responded to her question: “No, no dear, you’re wasting your time talking to me. I’m...I’m simply passing through...No, of course I’ve got a home. I can show you if you like.” I showed her the old photograph of my parent’s house – the house I lived in throughout my childhood – where I took my first step, where I slept every night, where I would take my girlfriends after a school day to watch a movie and order a pizza, where my mother taught me how to cook (I always wanted to be a gourmet chef, you know), where when I was 18 years old my father killed himself after having gone bankrupt, and where my mother cried incessantly until social services took her away to get special help. And I – well, I was a lost soul in New York.

You see, I did have a life. I had friends from childhood. I have sweet remembrances to hold onto in the bitter cold. The reporter from the Times didn’t seem impressed by my home, but good riddance to her. My life isn’t glamorous; it’s shameful and pitiable, and I know this, but I cannot apologize for Life’s cruel dealings. I’m living my life as best I can and with as much bravery as I can muster. So next time you walk by me and see me sitting on a park bench with my tote bag and tweed sweater, don’t label me as “Exhibit A – a homeless bum”. Just call me Ann. Ann is just fine.

-Allyson Sheehan, II



Kat Nivorozhkina, I



Nacy Fidelman, II

A Sincere Apology

I ate your precious
vanilla ice cream
that Mom bought yesterday
for your birthday.

And which you
haven't had time
To eat yet because
You were helping Dad
wash the car.

Forgive me.
If you want to find
someone to blame,
blame your lovely
vanilla ice cream if you have to.
For it is absolutely delicious!

- Cindy Guan, III

My Love, Poetry

I saw poetry at the café the other day
And he spoke to me in an inspirational way
He took my hands and made me write
In his arms I felt my burdens become light
He was constantly on my mind, even as I slept
Always there to console me, especially as I wept
Anything he said, I would always write down
Poetry calls me a royal poet with a crown
After a while, my love in poetry began to fade
No more beautiful words were written, said, or made
Poetry, "Where are you? Do you live somewhere new?"

He looked into my eyes and said, "I live inside you"

- Shaina Gilbert, III

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Feeling of self-gratification. Pride. Big and swell. Sweat. Stains on the coffee table. The light twitching automatically. Cursing in its form. Tear stained tissues overloading on a floral king-sized bed. Outside shadows mirrored on a maroon rug.

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Time: who knows. **Date:** who cares. **Day:** some weekend. **Age:** soon to be 80 years old in precisely 24 minutes. 80 years old.

What have I been doing with my life? Scrunching my eyebrows, I try to remember the distant memories. It's like having your first taste of pain.

My memories. My tales. My adventures.

My negligee, a pastel shade of pink. Long sleeves. Covers my neck, falls down to the tips of my toes. Classic. Whatever happened to the radiant colors I used to wear? The exquisite, adrenaline-raising kind. Have I lost my fashion sense?

I realized last night that I'm going to die alone, old and unsatisfied. The worse combination ever. That's when my breakdown happened.

December 29. That day. Overwhelmed. Little star surviving amongst the giants. Independent. I claimed myself as that ever since I met HIM. HE. The one for me and possibly ten million other women. Where is he now?

Breakfast by the hills. Our hills. The spot. I used to go there alone hoping he'd be there too. Have that magical moment. The symbolic one. Like when prince meets princess. Chivalry. The old days. Does that still exist anymore? I stopped. Thoughts please just go away. Like glue, it doesn't.

April 13. A Friday. Proposed after a night of swing. NO. I wasn't ready. Couldn't be held down. Wild thing. An explosion of gloom swept through his face. Like a drug injected suddenly. Left me without another word. Took the taxi home. Haven't seen him since. Why does that happen? Say no to a proposal and never talk to each other again.

Where is he now? With another woman? Happy? Three kids, five grandchildren? White picket fence?

Tears sprout. I want passion. I want love. I want care. Stop this. I need to stop this. I stare at my hands. Trace the lines with my eyes. Used to go to palm readers. Practically addicted. They said I was smart. Would succeed in life. Said I would have a fulfilling love life. Liars.

Ten minutes down. Fourteen to go. I don't take chances. I stay with the familiar, but I'm independent. Yes. I wonder what would have happened if I took that job offer. January 7. "Hallie. Good news. Someone wants to hire you." "Who?" "The company needs you. Hallie. Your marketing skills. Your friendliness. Your ability to spot what the public wants. Your intelligence. You could be an asset." "All the way to Florida?" "Yes." "No." "What did you say?" "The answer is no." Hang up. I just do things the way I do. That's how I function.

Seven minutes. Tummy grumbles. Used to be flat. Now a pudge in the gut. I want coffee. No. Chocolate. Haven't had those in a while. Indulgences. Use to eat three bars in one sitting. Hersheys. High metabolism it's slowed down. Another lonely birthday. No one remembers summer birthdays.

Spinning into a porthole.

Elementary. Barbies. Addition. Recess. Valentines? No, none for me. Embarrassment. Ugly. Middle school. Change. Cattiness. The beginnings of my fakeness.

High school. Categorization. V-day Cards. Anxiety.

College, experience. HIM.

Two more minutes.

Resolution. Resolution. I cry. My hands are getting old. My feet. I can't bend. The pain in my back. Excruciating as hell. I know I mismatch. I know I'm wrinkly. I know I'll die any day now.

Tick tock. Tick tock. I can't trace a straight line. My scissors cut in zigzags. A 1st grader is more intelligent than I am.

one minute. resolution. resolution. resolution. Start a new life? No. too late for that.

Stop crying myself to sleep? Difficult.

Find out what happened to him? Pathetic. I'm not a stalker.

Stand straight and tall? Can't - I can barely walk.

I need ... something simple. Just for now. Only for now....

Fifth-teen seconds.... ten.... nine... eight...

...match...my clothes? That's it! I'll try to match my clothes. I'll never mismatch again. My silly goal for now just until I figure things out. I've still got a couple of days left in my life. Who knows what will happen? Maybe I'll even visit the hills again.... maybe... maybe.... maybe never.

Happy birthday to me.

- Winnette Yee, II



Moclan Trinh, I

Friends

My

ALL

I took my life
and we went for a walk.
I asked him how he was feeling
but my life doesn't like to talk.
Every time I looked at him
he had the nerve to look away.
I was beginning to think
I shouldn't have brought him anywhere that day.
I know people upset him
only because they don't know any better.
The sky blinked and coughed up a sunset
while my life and I walked home together.

-Nikki Wells, III

The

Register



William Zolla, II

L V C I F E R

Lux. Lux est, et est lux.

Nox illum amplectitur atra; est tamen nitentior sole. Quae auctoritas illum
expellere audet? Expulus, disiectus, nulla umbra tactus. Quis est?
Nescio. Nequeo scire. Nemoquet illum necem nigroremque, at nefarium esse
negare queo.

Nex nexilis nitore. Ques illum negare? Te noscita, te nota; si possite animum
nudare, amorem illius videbis.

Nox satis lucis mihi tenet.

Light. Light exists, and he is light.

*Black night embraces him; he is nonetheless brighter than the sun. What power
dares to cast him out? Cast out, cast down, touched by nothing of shadow.*

Who is he?

*I do not know. I cannot know. No one can deny that he is death and blackness, but
I can deny that he is evil.*

*Death tangled with darkness. Can you deny him? Recognize yourself, know your
self; if you can strip your soul, you will see love for him.*

Night holds enough of light for me.

-Veronica Koven-Matasy, III

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Unsent Letter of Apology

I'm fond of the memories. I retreat to them whenever the present is not so fine. That really brings me to wonder if the past ever was. Back then we were a family; now we're more or less our own people. Maybe it's just me. Looking back over the family photo album, you were never really part of the photographs. Of course, this was understandable; you were the photographer, hoping to catch each of us in our childhood while we were all too eager to grow up. As time went on, the holes left in the photographs pervaded other aspects of our lives.

I remember walks to the Common, just you and me, like the best of friends. We talked about everything and nothing at all. In other words, it was perfect. I remember walking around in your shoes, stumbling and tripping along the way and how other people were commenting on how cute it was. You took a picture.

I apologize that I can no longer speak to you, that I can only speak "Chinglish," that I no longer make that effort, that we hardly ever share that universal language of laughter anymore. I regret that I never understood your black and white view of nature in your art, that I preferred some Chinese characters in your calligraphy more than others, for their form and symmetry rather than or their meaning. I lament the fact that I never knew you to be the great storyteller everybody always told me you were.

There were times too numerous to count when I came home hungry after a six hour school day. You came home before your break after a 12 hour work day with a Chinese takeout box from the restaurant where you slaved away, smelling of oil and sweat. You nudged the food in my direction and I gulped it down without much of a conscience. You hadn't eaten yet. I regret that you were the one who had to sacrifice your art and work two jobs while we all went to school and perfected ours. I confess that even today, I'm more accepting of one side of you than the other; I had never asked for permission to become the person that I am today.

"As time went on, the holes left in the photographs pervaded other aspects of our lives."

Then there were other times when I fought with you for the television even though you only watched one program a day. I apologize that we were so divided during the Olympics. I regret that America will always be my home and China yours. I lament the fact that you miss our home and that I would never want to live there.

I'm sorry that I'm so sensitive that I cry so much and that you tried to comfort me when I hardly knew the words to explain how I felt. In my seemingly childish and superficial complaints and grievances expressed in my elementary sentences, you understood. Those were the times I'd bother to dig up those Chinese words and have the patience to sort them out. I'm sorry that you never complained and that you always took everything in and straight to your heart. You thought I mistook those films of tears as twinkles in your eye. You thought I didn't understand.

I'm sorry that I'm the girl you wanted, but not the daughter you deserved. I'm sorry that I hardly do any domestic work and that many times, you took the sponge from me and did the dishes while I went out to play. In separating myself from that sponge, I indirectly separated myself from you. It's interesting how the riddle goes: the more it dries, the wetter it gets. It's a shame that you had to come and soak up all of our tears, our mistakes, and our imperfections, while retaining your own for yourself and maintaining your usual stoic shape.

What ever happened to all of our walks, all of our talks? Where have they fallen in time? I never intended to understand. You don't think I ever could. But in a way, I think I did understand you. It's just that I could never put myself in your shoes again.

- Jenny Lum, II



Ky Kuan Ly, II

Jane Newbold



The Dead Season

When Persephone's absence chills the air
A gleaming shroud settles in holy white;
A biting silence swells; trees are stripped bare;
The stillness of dark is lent to the light.
But when the frosted grip is at last eased
And the crystal veil dispatched to the sky,
The buds are not coaxed by a tender breeze,
In this void of life, the dead season lies.
The debris of the winter spreads exposed
As sharp blackened branches spear steely clouds;
the bleak scene turns one bitter and morose,
for the dulllest of birds now fill the boughs.
This tormented time of decay and rot
Is shuffled along through and best forgot.



- Bieta Andemariam |

As Easy as PB + J

A rectangular bit of delight (or triangular, or maybe even trapezoidal, depending on how neurotic you might be) sits on your table. From whence did this geometric morsel of enchantment come? Well, the answer to this question is fairly simple: there is a process to its creation, and it's in need of analysis. Meticulously perfected over many years, the peanut butter and jelly sandwich has become the foremost and most fundamental of sandwiches. Fabulously, the PB&J can be styled to your specific desires, opening a myriad of possibilities when assembling.

First comes the bread selection. While this may seem needless, it is in fact essential. This pivotal ingredient can mean success or failure for the sandwich. When choosing bread, consider the following: texture, weight, nutrition facts, aerodynamics, and (of course) flavor. In most cases, flavor far outweighs the other factors, although all are crucial to the assembly. Consider carefully. Choose wisely. After selecting the bread (the foundation of the sandwich), you must move on to the title ingredients, PB&J.

Peanut butter - a miracle of modern science - is possibly the most important ingredient of the sandwich. Some believe that jelly is the more integral part, but PB is widely considered to be the greater of the two. When choosing a peanut butter, you will be confronted with the everlasting question: Smooth or Chunky? This is a very personal question and must be decided by the consumer and the consumer *only*. This very serious question has divided people and driven nations into civil war, so take this seriously.

After choosing which PB to use, spread a desirable layer across the surface of one of the pieces of the aforementioned bread (also carefully selected). Now, it's time to move on to the final ingredient: J!

J stands for jelly, but also for 'Joyous' and 'Jubilation.' This wonderful spread enlightens the soul and opens the mind. This is where the sandwich becomes an individual, with personality and grace. All of this depends on which jelly is used. Essentially any fruit known to mankind can be found in a jelly jar. This also is where you can get creative with your choices. Apricot, peach, strawberry, raspberry, grape, mango-guava-tangerine jelly, kiwi-nectar, banana-rama Bash, and countless more lie at your disposal. When done, simply place the two pieces of bread together, with the PB&J facing *in*, towards each other.

The final stage before consumption is presentation. Thus, depending on how neurotic and how handy with a knife you may be, cut the sandwich into the desired geometric design, from simple triangles to the more advanced nonagons (and beyond!). Now that your PB&J sandwich is completed successfully, you may consume and enjoy!

- Dave Toro, II

FROM

THE

BOAT

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A painter's sky is what my mother calls it—that cloudy grey horizon. It brings out the colors in the trees, the sun just bleaches them. Today's sky is indeed meant for artists, but for the rain pouring out of it. Fat drops fly earthwards, landing here, on me, and collecting on my hat, and the folds of my jacket. The rain hits the water on the river with a constant pitter-patter—the sound of a thousand pens tapping on a desk. The sky and the rain and the river melt together, all grey—all dark. The trees in their orange and yellow glory stand out against the muted sky, standing their own against the storm.

It smells of rain and fall and wet clothing. My pants stick to my legs. . . I should have listened when someone told me that cotton is the “fabric of death.” From underneath my Red Sox hat I feel almost protected from the downpour, and yet my jacket grows heavier, soggy, and my pants are stained dark from the water.

The blurriness of the sky and the rain throw everything in the boat into sharp relief. The neon green oar handle, the royal blue of my shoes, the apple red tank top in front of me, the faded yellow inside of my hat. The water is calm, but pockmarked from the raindrops. I stare at it mindlessly, hunched over my oar trying to stay warm and trying not to shake. At the back of my mind lies the knowledge of what is to come—the exhilaration, the pain. I am ready. A familiar voice shatters my reflection, “All eight, ready, row.” And my world has shrunk, just my body, the oar, and the boat. I have no time for painter's skies.

- Lee Glandorf, II



Lily Jalbert, II

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Noah McKenna
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Noah McKenna, I

